

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 298.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1833.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

Dramatic Scenes from Real Life. By Lady Morgan. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

It is too late, or too early, to write an article on the genius of this brilliant woman. An ultra-liberal, before liberals, as a party, existed, her works were for many years the marked object for every creeping thing to spit its venom on. Times have changed; but those whom interest has taught to veer round, think it becoming to maintain some show of consistency;—and what subject so indifferent to a politician as literature, unless indeed it be a dead emperor?—and, accordingly, by continued abuse of Napoleon and Lady Morgan many a political renegade hopes to save his character. It would, however, be absurd to deny that Lady Morgan has given great offence to honest men of all parties: the conservatives, she must herself admit, have just grounds for their dislike; and the radicals, as they used *contemptuously* to be called, had surely no good reason for attaching themselves to her. The great battle which the latter had to fight, was against the prejudices of society. The disputes now respect questions on which honest men may conscientiously differ; but then, it was whether the one party were entitled to offer an opinion at all. Twenty years ago reformers were hunted down in society as vulgar unwashed mechanics, and any man who desired to live quietly and pleasantly, was obliged to be silent if he entertained opinions that now pass current all England over,—not because his opinions were ridiculous, but because they were *low*; and though he might not sanction this impudent assumption, he was obliged to endure it: and it will hereafter be held as one of the strange characteristics of those times, that even the leading literary men affected this same aristocratic superciliousness; and many, whom genius had honourably raised from the very humblest ranks, wrote as if they were the *élite* of society, and threw scorn on all of the adverse party, many of whom were by birth their equals or superiors—if such distinctions be known, or the mention of them be tolerated when speaking of literary men. Now, among the most aristocratic in taste and feeling, was Lady Morgan. She, therefore, repelled from her all parties; she stood, and still stands, alone in the literary world; and, at a future day, it will go far to settle the question of her literary rank, that she gained for herself a European fame, in defiance of their avowed dislike. Never yet have her works been fairly tested—scorn and contempt, and the bitterest acrimony, have at times been poured out upon them; yet, be it observed, as illustrating the same question, no critic has ever dared to pass them by with affected indifference, as if the writer were of the common herd.

In the work before us, much of the same tact, talent, and shrewd observation, which

have ever distinguished the writer, is manifest enough—it is, indeed, light and trifling; and she observes in the preface,

“I frank own to the public of the present day, that if I had anything to offer, more light and trifling, than the trifle I have the honour to lay at its feet, I should, of preference, have selected it,—not in presumption, but in deference to the great questions by which the world is occupied.”

Upon this same subject, there is much worth listening to in the preface; and we shall quote one passage, because many will take a hint from an author, who would be deaf as the adder to advice from a critic:—

“It is no easy matter to write up, or down, to the present state of British literature. It may seem ‘affectations, look you,’ (as parson Hugh has it,) to say that literature is leisure; but its existence, in its most palmy state, indicates an epoch in society, when the public have time to read, what authors have time to write. * * * Such, however, is not the present epoch. We are living in an era of transition. Changes moral and political are in progress. The frame of the constitution, the frame of society itself, are sustaining a shock, which, occupies all minds, to avert, or to modify; and the public refuses its attention to literary claimants, whose pretensions are not either founded on utility, or backed by the brilliancy or brevity of their appeals. Publishers and theatrical lessers, who complain of the times, overlook this fact. Deceived by the stale philosophy of the little back-parlour behind the shop, or the old jargon of the green-room behind the scenes, they talk of bringing back the public taste; instead of following its changes. There is no legitimate literature, as there is no legitimate drama. Those who would live by the world, must live in it, and with it; and adapt themselves to its form and pressure; for it is in vain that they attempt to force society to be amused, with what has ceased to be amusing. * * *

“Under this impression, be it false or true, I have ventured to bring forward a trifling commodity, of no pretension, and of little importance,—‘a homely thing, but a thing of my own,’—a thing that may be read running, or dancing, like a puff on a dead wall, or a sentiment on a French fan. I have thrown the heavy ballast of narrative overboard, sunk the author; and, loosing every rag of sail to the breeze, my bark may perhaps, (if the literary pirates and privateers do not, as usual, strive to run it down,) escape better, than nobler vessels, freighted with the fortunes of literary Cæsars, who steer right onward, for other epochs and better times.”

This work is dramatic in form, but the stage directions, as in a drama they would be called, run to such length upon occasions, as to serve the purpose of a connecting narrative. There are three of these dramas—little cabinet pictures all of them. The first, and by far the most important, is called ‘Manor Sackville.’ The subject is the endeavours of an English gentleman, who has succeeded to a large Irish estate, to conciliate all around him, and do his duty honestly as a resident landholder—the dramatic part is the brief history of his residence—for all parties unite in driving him out of the country. The second, called ‘The Easter Recess; or, the

Tapestry Workers,’ is a scene from fashionable life; and the third, ‘Temper,’ from life in Russell Square. But as our readers, we know well, would infinitely prefer one line of illustration to twenty of comment, we shall at once make as long an extract as the late period at which the work has been received will admit.

SCENE VIII.

[A dreary sweep of country, making part of a wide, shelving slope, that descends into a billowy plain, at the foot of the barrier mountains of two counties. The distant summit of Sleave-an-jaroin is seen rising in lofty grandeur, above a circle of dense vapours, and catching the last red gleam of the setting sun.]

“Mr. Sackville.—What awful sublimity! what savage desolation! The last touch of a moral interest, too, is given by that fine ruin before us,—the monument of a past and powerful superstition. [A short pause.] What is the name of those picturesque ruins, which lie on the edge of that gloomy water?

“Mr. Galbraith, (with impatient peevishness.)—I see no ruins, Sir; the sharp wind has blinded me entirely. It’s a great pity we did not stay quietly at Sir Job’s, Mr. Sackville. We should be now sated at an elegant good dinner, with a roaring fire at our backs, instead of perishing alive in this wild place.

“Mr. Sack.—Well, and so you will soon be seated at a good dinner. But do you not see those ruins before us to the left? Look at that high, pointed belfry,—at that fine gothic arch, with its beautiful stone-belted window, so delicately defined upon the fading light of the west.

“Mr. Galb., (obliged to see, as he approaches the spot.)—Why, Sir, I suppose it’s the ruins of the Abbey of Kilnally. I know of no other in this wild savage place. We might as well have come by Sally Noggin; especially, as I now see that I took the old military pass, which was cut in the ‘98, instead of the new military road to the mountain barrack, which is newly-finished, and Lord Fitzroy’s men stationed in it.

“Mr. Sack. (cheerfully.)—Come, come; we have done very well. * * * The drifting of those dense clouds, and the struggles of that young, watery moon through them, change the aspect of the mountains every moment. ‘Tis quite magnificent!—the scenery of Macbeth! How nobly that ruined abbey gains on us as we advance! What perfect forms! It is curious that so extensive a monastery should have been placed in so wild a situation! In general, the monks seem to have constituted themselves into farming societies, and to have chosen the most fertile situations, for their agricultural pursuits.

“Mr. Galb. (bitterly, but gradually cheering.)—And do you know, Sir, why the monks of Kilnally chose this murdering spot? Because they were Carthusians, and never touched fleshmate; and because that *donny* little lake produced thin, and produces to this day, the finest black trout of any lake in the country. It’s often the late Mr. Fitzgerald Sackville and myself spint a long summer’s day here, fishing them up, from the size of a pinkeen to twenty pounds weight. And look, Mr. Sackville, that little rivulet, that sparkles in the moonshine, and flows off the lake, under the abbey arch. Well, Sir, when the trout would refuse the bait or fly elsewhere, it’s in basketfuls we’d catch them, just at the mouth of that strame, where the monks had

weirs, within a few feet of their own kitchin. Oh! they knew what they were about, I'll ingage.

"Mr. Sack.—What a discovery for Clarence Herbert! the most inveterate fisher since the immortal Izaac Walton. I'll have a tent pitched here, and a cold dinner sent out, the first favourable morning. We'll have a delightful gipsy party. Lady Emily is so fond of a gipsy party! She is quite a child, in her young, fresh tastes.

"Mr. Galb. (emphatically.)—No, Sir, you'd better not; the place is changed now. I'd be sorry to see Lady Emily here, by night or by day. It is no place for her. It has a bad name, Mr. Sackville. The last tithe proctor of Moherow, (a worthy fellow, and father of a fine family,) was murdered, under that very window, you admire so much. It was autumn twelvemonth, about this time, Sir. He was taking the short cut, poor man! as we have done, on his way home to Moherow, when the murderers rushed from the hills, behind the abbey, dragged him to the ruins, murdered him, and threw his body into the lake, where it was food for the trout, many a day. [Sighs convulsively.]

"Mr. Sack. (with horror.)—Good God! Is every scene of this magnificent, this romantic country, to be the historic site of some crime,—of some atrocious deed, to blunt the hopes, and darken the imagination of Ireland's best friends!

"Mr. Galb. (looking round timidly.)—Since thin, nobody has fished in the little lough of Kilnailly. But wouldn't you like to step into the gig, Sir?

"Mr. Sack.—We had better walk on a little further, until we get into a smoother road. From the aspect of Sleive-an-jaroin, we cannot be very far from the new lodge of Manor Sackville.

"Mr. Galb.—About three miles, Sir. But now, Sir, that you have opened a new drive through the park, on the mountain side of your demesne, and that you are building that elegant fine gate, which, Mr. Cox says, is the grandest ever raised in the province, I hope you will get a presentment for this road.

"Mr. Sack.—I will lay down one at my own expense: for as it will be an accommodation to no one but myself, it would not be quite fair to lay it upon the county.

"Mr. Galb.—As you please, Sir, surely. But sure, Sir, hasn't every gentleman a road round his demesne wall, (and wherever else may shoot his convenience,) presented for him as a matter of course? But [looking round him anxiously] it's a wonder I don't see an idaya of my man, Tim Reynolds! I sint him on afore us, to pick up a little party of police, to meet us before night-fall. He has missed us, I fear, Sir.

"Mr. Sack.—You did very wrong to part with him. I have more apprehension of the breaking of your light gig, or the stumbling of your horse, than of anything, from which the police can save us. All is calm here—silent and solitary, even to desolation; save only those shrill gusts from the mountain, which sweep down through the glens, with such melancholy, but fine effect. We are safer here, Mr. Galbraith, than in your pet colony of Sally Noggan. These pauses in the storm are very fine!

"Mr. Galb.—Why, thin, I'd rather hear all the drums in the province, bating a travaille about my ears, this blessed moment, than one of those banshee blasts. The Lord bless us! what noise was that? Didn't you hear a whistle, Mr. Sackville, from behind the kiln, to the right? Christ preserve us! Amen!

[Fumbles in his breast, and gets to the other side of the horse, to leave his right-hand free.]

"Mr. Sack. (listening.)—I did hear something through that blast. I believe we have flushed some curlews among the heather—aye, there they go. How shrill their scream is

repeated by the mountain echoes! How Emily would enjoy this—I almost wish she were here.

"Mr. Galb.—Lady Emily here, Sir! I'd rather see a stout party of police. I'd take my oath, I heard a whistle, again. [In terror] Och! I know that whistle!

[They walk on in silence: Galbraith still leading his horse; Mr. Sackville a little in advance.]

"Mr. Galb.—We had better get on, Sir—Look, Mr. Sackville! Do you see nothing under the abbey wall, to the left?

"Mr. Sack. (in an encouraging tone.)—I see a few miserable sheep grazing in the long rank grass.

"Mr. Galb. (trembling excessively.)—And do you see nothing else, Sir? I would advise you to get into the gig.

"Mr. Sack. (putting up his glass.)—Yes, I see some poor wretch, guarding those sheep, and sheltering himself from the coming storm, under the archway. What a dreary station!

"Mr. Galb. (hurrying on, and speaking over his shoulder to Mr. Sackville, who is now in the rear.)—Humph! you had better get into the gig, sir. [The figure appears to move forward.]

"Mr. Sack.—Why, Mr. Galbraith, you are haunted by imaginary terrors.

"Mr. Galb. (fumbling in his pocket.)—Who goes there? [In a low voice] Mr. Sackville, you have your pistols about you, I take for granted.

"Mr. Sack. (laughing.)—What! to shoot the poor shepherd, and his sheep? No, I never carried arms about me, in my life.

[The figure clears the ruins, and springing over a deep dyke on the road side, follows the gentlemen.]

"Mr. Galb. (affecting a stout manner.)—Who goes there? Have a care, friend—no nearer, if you please: we are armed—pass on.

"A sultry and deep Voice.—You had better pass on yourself, Mr. Galbraith.

"Mr. Galb.—Och, Shane Sullivan, is that you? (aside—I know him, Mr. Sackville, the ruffian!) (aloud) Is that you Shane dhu, my man?

"Shane Sullivan, (walks abreast the gentlemen, with his hands behind his coat.)—It is Jerry Galbraith!

"Mr. Galb. (in a soothing accent.)—What are you doing here at this time of the evening, Shane, my boy?

"Shane, (doggedly.)—My master's business.—Every man to his calling. What brings yourself here, Mr. Galbraith?

"Mr. Galb.—Don't be offensive, don't be offensive, Shane dhu: take a friend's advice now, and go home. There's a storm arising; so go to your cabin, man. It's time for you to be at home.

"Shane.—My home! my cabin! What home have you, and your friend, Mr. Sampson, left me, Jerry Galbraith?—Not so much as a shad to die under; nor a blanket to wrap the wife in, that ye turned into the high road!.....

"Mr. Galb.—Oh, Shane, you know well that was not my doing, anyhow. I give you my word, Shane, I'm sorry for what has happened, and will go and see your wife, and bring the dispensary doctor to you, to-morrow, if you'll call on me at Manor Sackville.

"Shane, (with fierce bitterness.)—See her! yes, you will meet her anyhow, afore long, sure enough. She lies there, among them ruins, in holy ground, now. The sod's green that's above her.

"Mr. Galb. (with a loud voice, and affected carelessness.)—Hem! Mr. Sackville; the road is now smooth and passable. If you please, sir, we'll get in the gig. I see the lights of Manor Sackville quite plain now.

"Shane.—An this is the great Squire Sackville, is it? the king of the country! Troth and faith, then, Galbraith, better pertection you can't travel with. I'd advise your honour, howsoever, to drive on a bit. For there is a storm

coming down the mountain, that you mayn't like, sir. [Significantly.]

"Mr. Galb. (in great agitation.)—Shane, don't forget yourself intirely. I see, you've the drop in you, boy. Remember I'm a magistrate and chief constable.

"Shane.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! I wish you joy of your office, Jerry Galbraith. This is fine time and a great place, to be a magistrate and a constable in. It will serve you greatly now, sir.

—Mr. Sackville, I'll trouble you to step an. Take the gig and drive home to your lady, God bless her. She has the blessing of the poor of the country with her. Mr. Galbraith and I have an odd bit of a reckoning togerher, and the fewer witnesses the better.

"Mr. Sack. (firmly but mildly.)—Sullivan, you must be brave fellow, for you are an Irishman, and your's is not the country of cowardice. But it is the act of a coward, of the basest of cowards, to waylay an unprotected man; and it is the act of a fool, for purposes of hellish vengeance,—in requital of supposed, or real wrongs, to commit a crime, which forfeits your life, to the laws of your country in this world, and, according to the religion you profess, loses you for ever, in the world to come.

"Shane, (furiously.)—My country!—a country to starve and perish in! What laws are there for me; if, when, labouring to support a wife and five children, out of sixpence a day, paid me by that landshark there, for twelve hours' work, I was unable to pay him his rint! and when I saw my wife turned to die on the road, and my chilider driven for shelter to that ould kiln?—Forfeit my life! Oh! Mr. Sackville, is it joking you are? Why thin, it's a great forfeit, surely; and long ago, I would have forfeited it by the murther or that villain there, and other vilians like him; only that I should live to earn the chilider their potaties. But it's a folly to talk, Mr. Sackville—move an, if you please—I'm not a murtherer, Mr. Sackville, but I'm a man, God help me!—and so, there's no murther in the case. But look ye, sir. The last of my chilider lies dead of the typhus, in that kiln, without so much as a candle to wake her with: but I've frinds and cronies at hand, to wake her grandly before the moon sets, behind Sleive-na-jaroin, there: so, sir, there's no time to lose in parley.

[Sullivan draws a blunderbuss from under his coat

—Galbraith stands aghast.]

"Mr. Sack. (in great emotion.)—Sullivan! for God's sake; for your own, for mine—I cannot, will not, stand by and see fellow-creature murdered! If money, if employment, and protection.... Speak! what will satisfy you?

"Sullivan, (passing his arm through Mr. Sackville's and leading him on a little.)—It's too late, sir—what's money to me? The mother, the wife, the chilider, are all there! [Pointing to the ruins, with a wild laugh.] Och! there's that, far sweeter now than money, Misther Sackville! but, nabobish move an, sir,—there's the horse and gig, and the lights of Manor Sackville dancing before ye, and a fine house, and a fine wife waiting for you, and.... Ha! [A pistol-shot is fired close to his ear. He catches hold of Mr. Sackville's arm.] Well done, Galbraith, you murtherer traitor!—but you are in the toils. Ha! ha! ha!—

[A rush of men, from the ruins and lime-kiln, now pours upon the spot. Galbraith is seized. The fierce, wild multitude, armed in various ways, surround the dying man. A shrill cry is set up of 'Down with the Sassenach!'—'To the lake with the land-shark!'—'Down with Galbraith!' CORNELIUS BRIAN, a man of gigantic stature, and the leader of the party, stalks forward.]

"Corn. Brian.—Halt, I say, and pace. [They draw up deferentially.] Let no man speake a word, nor raise an hand, till Shane Dhu Sulli-

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van has said his last say. Honor, my vourneen, I'll take that musket from ye now: and take this pike yourself. You may want it before moonset.

"*Pat Doran.*—O'Loughlin, (loaning on his pike, and looking mournfully at Sullivan.)—There's no use in waiting; Shane Dhu's gone—so up, and to work, boys. You know well, there's no time to lose, and all's ready. The Polis is on the *shaughran*, and th' army will soon get the word.

"*Pat Doran.*—O'Loughlin's right—what use in talk? Down with the English traitor; and this, for his man Jack. [Takes aim at Galbraith, who raises a shriek. *Cornelius Brian* strikes up the gun, which goes off in the air.]

"*Corn. Brian*, (savagely, and in a commanding voice.)—By him that made and saved me, the first of yez that moves a finger, till yez have your orders from me, or only touches an hair of the Sassenach's head, till Sullivan spakes, is a dead man. What call have *you* to him, *Pat Doran*? Did he deceive you? Kill a Sassenach for yourself, and lave me my own. His blood be on my head, as mine is, or would have been, on his—but for God's providence. And now, make way, boys: give a little air to Shane Dhu; see how he gasps; but he is as good as two dead men, yet. What bloody rag is that round his throat?

"*Dan. O'Leary.*—'Tis the gentleman's hand-kerchief, I suppose.

[Draws it off, and Honor snatches it.]

"*Corn. Brian.*—Give it to me, Honor. [He holds it up.] Look, boys; this is the flag of the night. It's dæd with the blood of the truest poor boy, that ever was hunted to ruin. Sullivan, my man [stoops over him], what's your last will and wish? Speak, if ye can; and it shall be done. Name who has murdered you, Shane Dhu Machree. Don't let us shed innocent blood, anyhow; but let justice be done—who is the murtherer?

"*Several Voices.*—Aye, aye—who is the murtherer?

[*Sullivan* opens his eyes, and looks anxiously round; makes a convulsive effort to speak; and then with a hoarse and rattling voice, names Galbraith, and dies. Several shots are fired. Galbraith falls lifeless at the bottom of his gig.]

"*Pat. Doran.*—Corney Brian, there is great work to be done yet. And what use of dragging the *Boddah Sassenach*,† after us? You're sworn, Corney. Down with him, and away. It's well known that he's a rael traitor. Mr. M'Dermot said so, at the fair of Sally Noggan; and tould the boys of Kilcash-meeting, that he is no thrue friend to Ireland.

"*Corn. Brian*, (grimly.)—I know bether what he is than you, *Pat Doran*, or Mr. M'Dermot either. But if he were the devil from hell, he's mine. So *Pat Doran*, up with your own men to the kiln; and you, Mich Gaffney. Kelly and Delaney down to the heather with you. The party will soon be here that was to purtect Squire Galbraith and his honour. Padreen did his message well, I'll ingage, as well as Mr. Tim Reynolds would, for the life of him; and sorrow the message that murthuring informer will ever go agin. Now, boys, to your posts. I think I hear the trot of a horse; and there's a dust rising on the road. Here, James Dolan; give us an helping hand with Mr. Sackville.—Gintlemen's not used to leap dykes by moonlight, I'll ingage. [Dolan seizes Mr. Sackville's left shoulder.] Honor, you'll guard the rare, my vourneen. I'll just step over the way to show O'Rouke's altar to my frind and purtector, here;—who got me my repreave the day after I was hanged, and ped me a visit in the black cell, with tears in his eyes, and traison in his heart. Now, my boys, to your bushes. I'll be back in a giffy—sorrow long I'm iver about a job that

my heart's in. Take off Sullivan's body to the kiln. Pace to his sow!

[A pause; the men take off their hats and cross themselves.]

"*Brian*, (in a low and feeling voice.)—We'll wake him to-night with his child. We may have more to carry with him to th' abbey before our work is done."

1. *Poems*: by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. London: Murray.

2. *Rhymed Plea for Tolerance. In Two Dialogues. With a Prefatory Dialogue*. London: Moxon.

3. *Poems*: by Hartley Coleridge. Leeds: Bingley.

We have tied up these three poetical works in a garland for our readers to look at. The flowers which compose them are of various kinds, and not unmixed with weeds. From Murray we have roses and lilies, a few snowdrops, with some sprigs (we grieve to say it,) of artificial jasmine: Moxon has given us thistles in bloom, branches of hawthorn, with more prickles than blossom; and

Myrh, sweet bleeding in the bitter wound;

while from Leeds we have flowers of the fairest hue and the sweetest odour—beautiful to the eye, soft to handle, and sweet to smell. In truth, the country volume has so much of the true inspiration of the muse about it—so much of the free, unconstrained language of poesie—that it merits, if we had room, a disquisitional critique to itself: the Dover Street book is of a sharp and satiric nature, with some city-like boldness about it: while the Albemarle Street tome speaks in a manner elegant and courtly, as becomes a lady and a bookseller famed for works fashionable and elegant.

The poems of Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, sixty-four in number, are written on such subjects as accident rather than meditation supplies. The longest is the best: 'The Unloved of Earth' has some striking passages:—

Where shall the unloved of earth abide,
Mist all its pomp, and power, and pride?
Where find one hope to sooth or bless
A heart divorced from happiness?
Where pity or protection seek,
O'erborne by life's storms, wild and bleak—
To all its changeful skies exposed,
Its blessings all against them closed?

What emblem sad enough may be,
For shadowing forth their destiny?
Hath Nature, through her regions old,
Aught that may their dark fates unfold?
A flower with its heart-leaf unveiled,
By every frost and blight assailed—
A bird forsaken in the nest,
When all its tribes are gay and blest—

A broken shell from ocean torn,
Its music hush'd, its splendour shorn—
A lone star from its orbit driven—
An exile from its native heaven!
O! ye unloved ones of the earth!
A bitter boon hath been your birth;
That bitter boon ye must receive,
Without redress—without reprieve.

A thousand wormwood-springs are straying,
Where your lone course ye are delaying;
A thousand nightshade-bowers entwining,
Where ye, th' o'erwearied, are reclining.
And spells of deadliest power are cast,
O'er all your future, present, past;
And many a strange bewildering haze
Misleads ye in life's lengthening maze.

For you—for you, the blue pale air
Hath haunting whisper of despair;
A sorrowing murmur thrills the breeze,
A shadow broods 'mongst flowering trees;
In music's heavenliest tone a sigh
Troubles the deep mid-harmony;
Ye hear the breathings of farewell,
Soon as the summer lights the dell!

The poem to the Lark has many natural and forcible lines; nor are the verses on the splendid landscapes of John Martin without passages of true rapture and good taste.

The author of the 'Rhymed Plea for Tolerance' is a poet of another stamp, as we have already intimated. It is related, that when Clovis heard for the first time of the Atonement of Christ, he felt the benefit of the sacrifice so little, that he exclaimed, "O had I been there with my valiant Franks!" In like manner, our poet is so enraptured with Religious Tolerance, that he forgets the cause of the coming of Jesus, and how he suffered that we might be saved; for he exclaims, in his preface: "But be it remembered, that had such a spirit been more fully poured into earlier or later ages, Christ and Socrates had not died by hemlock and the cross." He speaks more to our liking in verse: there is much—too much truth in his account of the poetry of these latter days of rhyme:—

That sister-reign is o'er; and, queen sublime,
Fancy alone now rules each realm of rhyme;
Throng to her train, loves, hatreds, tears, and sighs,
Tremors and vows, and oaths and ecstasies,
That, fierce by turns, or languishingly fine,
Burn, shiver, sob, and throb thro' every line.

On as I read, what marvel, if perplexed—
Now by half phrases, now half meanings vexed;
Now by descriptions tired, that find no close,
Now strained by unimaginable woes;
Mid flickering lights, to no one focus brought;
Mid mirage mists, still baffling thirsty thought;
And nightmare fantasies from drowsy grot,
And far similitudes that likken not;
Where, style and story, all is wild or dim
As Pythian oracle or Orphic hymn;
What marvel if my wondering spirit seem
To drift amid the fragments of a dream,
And mocked by moony mysteries all too long,
Crave the clear sense of Pope's and Dryden's song.

There is nerve as well as wholesome satire in many parts of the poem: we like the following:—

Yet, I re-echo, when by shame unawed,
Some bold intruding villain stalks abroad—
Honour and right who counts as things of straw,
Evading, or perhaps above, the law;
Some pretor knave, half India in his purse,
Some royal favourite, a nation's curse;
Who, not content to nourish hates—his own—
Crawls to his prince's ear, and taints the throne;
Some statesman, chafed at liberty's least word,
Whose will would change the pantelets for the sword;
Some patriot, reckless the mad crowd to drive
On danger's brink, if he thenceforth may thrive;
Some mock-worm prelate, earthly gains made sure,
Who leaves a bloated million from the poor;
Some title-hunting judge, whose slanting sight
Can blink a tyrant wrong, or wrest a right—
Shifting th' unsteady scales from hour to hour,
Or crushing freedom with the mace of power;
Him, and that worst corruption as I name,
The kindling passion almost bursts to flame;
Him let the verse with eager hate pursue,
Till seized, and bound, and dragged to public view,
Beneath the avenging scourge he writhe at length,
And own that satire hath her hour of strength.

The language is often concise, the lines are generally flowing, and the author sometimes reminds us of the classic days of satire, when Pope and Young wrote upon folly and crime.

We open the volume by Hartley Coleridge with much pleasure; for he is not only come of a good kind, but is a poet of more than common powers:—of this he seems not himself to be aware; for in his preface he startles us by saying, "No man can know of himself whether he is, or is not, a poet." This, we apprehend, is a mistake. All the great poets of our own nation—Milton, Dryden, Pope, Burns, and others, were conscious of the light from heaven within them, and knew themselves to be poets, and said so: we have a book with "Robert Burns, Poet," written on the title-page in the year 1786, by the bard's

† English churl.

own hand. Had Hartley said, that no poet could tell whether he would live in the future as a poet or not, we should have understood him. We gladly turn to the verse. Wordsworth cannot be otherwise than gratified with the honours paid him in this fine sonnet:—

There have been poets that in verse display
The elemental forms of human passions: Poets have been, to whom the tickle fashions
And all the wilful humours of the day
Have furnish'd matter for a polish'd lay: And many are the smooth elaborate tribe
Who, emulous of these, the shape describe,
And fain would every shifting hue pourtray
Of restless Nature. But, thou mighty Seer!
'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make
The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
Of Nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

There is such lyrical flow in the following beautiful song, that we cannot well refrain from chanting while quoting it:—

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to bark in the twinkling dark,
To the sooth'ng song of sorrow.
Oh nightingale! What doth she all?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth, was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.
The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is thrilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.
Yet ever and anon, a sigh,
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.
By night and day, she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

Many of the short poems are remarkably good. The twin sonnets called 'Who is the Poet?' and 'The Use of a Poet,' will not be quoted now for the last time:—

Who is the Poet? Who the man whose lines
Live in the souls of men like household words?
Whose thought, spontaneous as the song of birds,
With eldest truth coeval, still combines
With each day's product, and like morning shines,
Exempt from age? 'Tis he, and only he,
Who knows that Truth is free, and only free,—
That Virtue, acting in the strict confines
Of positive law, instructs the infant spirit
In its best strength, and proves its mere demerit
Rooted in earth, yet tending to the sky,—
With patient hope surveys the narrow bound,
Culls every flower that loves the lowly ground,
And fraught with sweetnes, wings her way on high.

A thousand thoughts were stirring in my mind,
That strove in vain to fashion utterance meet,
And each the other cross'd—swift as a fleet
Of April clouds, perplexed by gusts of wind,
That veer, and veer, around, before, behind.
Now History pointed to the customed beat,
Now Fancy's clue unravelling, led their feet
Through maze manifold, and quaintly twined.
So were they straying—so had ever stray'd;
Had not the wiser poets of the past
The vivid chart of human life display'd,
And taught the laws that regulate the blast,
Wedding wild impulse to calm forms of beauty,
And making peace 'twixt liberty and duty.

Hartley Coleridge is a disciple of the school of nature, falsely called of "the Lakes"; and though he reminds us often of the eminent bard whose name he bears, and of a greater still, Wordsworth, he has merit sufficient of his own to entitle him to a place among the true poets of the land—a tribe far from numerous. The freshness of nature is visible in his verse; observations all his own often occur; and we are frequently called on to stop and admire a new and striking image which rose on the poet's mind among the mountains and vales of the north of England.

We are glad to see young poets of hope and promise making their appearance: there are none, it is true, likely to make us forget, even for a moment, the living fathers of verse; but it is something to know that the light of poetry will not be extinguished at once.

Les Cent-et-Une Nouvelles Nouvelles des Cent-et-Un. Vol. I. Paris: Ladvocat; London, Dulau & Co.

We have received the first volume of this new publication at too late a period in the week, to do more than cast a hasty glance over its contents; and that glance enables us to inform our readers, that we shall return to it at more leisure and greater length. The work opens well. The present volume contains eleven clever papers, and is, as concerns its embellishments and general "getting-up," an improvement upon the 'Livre des Cent-et-Un.' We will give our readers a specimen of its literary merit on some future occasion; and in the meantime must content ourselves, by asking our wandering countrymen, if they recognize the truth of the picture contained in the following passage (somewhat of a caricature, we trust,) and giving them the benefit of the hint which it conveys:—

You imagine that modern Europe, serious, administrative, and utterly wearied as it is, has not its burlesque points of view. You are mistaken. To the vast monarchy of Napoleon, has succeeded a mingling of all people, a confusion of all races, a veritable Tower of Babel, fruitful in grotesque incidents. The English have spread themselves over Italy. Their ceremony and their stateliness have jostled the nonchalance and sprightliness of Rome and Venice. The amusing point in this irruption of Great Britain upon Europe is, the perfect confidence with which the English exhaled their follies in every direction, without having the slightest suspicion of the ridicule which attached to them. We, French, remember well, the satisfaction with which, all sore as we were with our defeat, we rallied poor John Bull. With the Neapolitan and Romans, *il Signor Inglese* replaced Polichinello. Truly, these English have paid dearly, in the coin of ridicule, for the empire which they have arrogated to themselves over modern nations.

"You cannot imagine," said a Florentine of talent to me, "how many an amusing evening has been afforded us, how many a happy epigram furnished by these British colonies, which are received each year at Florence; what legacies of droll stories, their residence amongst us has bequeathed. They made, in truth, a strange picture, with their yellow gloves, and their etiquette, still perfectly feudal, and their starched manners, the whole mingled with a false enthusiasm, classic and poetic. The irony which is a natural characteristic of the Florentine people, was delighted to let them take their own way, and pay for it; and the love of money, which is another of our distinctive characteristics, found excellent account in this harvest of gold, accompanied by this harvest of the ridiculous. Oh! the wind-fall that they were to us! These English arrived, for the most part, with their admiration all ready cut and dried. Their pre-meditated enthusiasm could find nothing to which to attach itself; and their disappointment, I assure you, was great. When they beheld our churches without ornaments, and our palaces like prisons—you should have seen them with their arms crossed, and their brows raised, on the banks of the slimy Arno, the poetry of which they in vain sought to find out. 'It is really very fine!' cried they, at a venture. And then, to avoid the necessity of believing them-

selves any further, they consoled themselves for their fatigue and their constraint, by means of routs, masquerades, whims, and duels; transplanting the fashionable life of the loungers of Bond Street, to the side of the tomb which holds the ashes of Dante.

"The true poetic beauty of Florence escaped them. The inventive genius of man is everywhere breathed over this town. Art, here, is everything. Before it nature lies down subdued. This city is the greatest monument that the impulse of the middle ages has left. All this, they could not feel; and their communion with nature and art, like their communion with men, was full of ignorance and affectation."

Recherches d'Anatomie Transcendante, &c.
Par M. Serres.†

It was shown in our former notice, that development takes place from the circumference towards the centre, and that arrest of it is a common cause of monstrosity; also, that in consequence of the metamorphoses undergone by the human frame in its progression towards perfection, this arrest often reproduces one of the forms proper to inferior animals. We shall proceed to give one or two more examples of this assertion.

Most of our organs are double, and placed one on each side of the median line; and those on the median line, though now single, were originally formed double, but the parts growing in towards each other, united and became one. This median line is pretty distinctly marked in the human body, and may be traced in the ridge between the eyebrows, in the furrow from the nose to the upper lip, in the dimple on the chin, and finally in that generally closer attachment of the skin to the subjacent parts which prevails along the centre of the front of the body—a closeness of attachment so great, that it often limits the progress of a dropsey, which it is not unusual to see thus confined entirely to one side of the body, while the other is in its natural condition. Behind, this median line is well marked by the spine, and if we suppose a plane continued from one of these lines to the other, this will be the median plane of the body, towards which all growth takes place. Now the palate-bones growing from each side of this plane to meet in the centre, should they by any chance be checked in their advance, a deficiency of the palatine vault would be the consequence, the soft parts around would fall in, and that form of monstrosity result, which, from its being the natural state in one of the lower animals, is commonly known by the name of *hare-lip*.

The monstrosity is sometimes caused by the development of only one side of an organ, while the other remains stationary, and as this produces a destruction of symmetry, the monster is always of the most frightful kind, resembling nothing in nature, all whose works are symmetrical and harmonious. Connected with this, we may notice the observation, that no one has ever considered as a beauty, any variety of figure produced by monstrosity; and this bears on the much disputed question of a standard of taste, inasmuch as it shows that by the tacit consent of all mankind, there are certain bounds

Quo ultra citaque neque consistere rectum.
The next point in which man is found, at one period of his existence, to resemble the

† This continuation of the review which appeared in No. 294, has been delayed by illness.

lower animals, will appear to our readers rather singular. Up to the third month of his foetal existence, that is, while his brain is successively assuming the forms observed in the ascending scale of animals, every man has a tail,—

But what is still remarkable is, that the caudal prolongation has but an ephemeral existence, like all the organic resemblances of the embryo. It disappears in the course of the third month; and it is from this period that man, leaving behind him all organized beings, advances with rapid steps towards the organic types peculiar to his own constitution.

The persistence of this appendage of his youth, which would have been so valuable to Lord Monboddo, is of very rare occurrence. Pliny, indeed, tells us of a whole nation in India, "who had long hairy tails, and ran with amazing swiftness," but there is scarcely a fable in natural history, that cannot be traced to some of Pliny's voluminous compilations. We may the more wonder how our countryman, the talented and cautious Harvey, should have allowed himself to relate a similar story, though he does not fail to give his authority. "A certain surgeon," he says, "a man of honour, and well known to me, returning from Eastern India, assured me, that in a mountainous part of the island of Borneo, remote from the sea, there dwells a race of people with tails; and that he himself had seen one of them caught with great difficulty, (sunt enim sylvicolæ,) whose tail, thick and fleshy, measured a span in length." Some sensible naturalists suggested that these Indian voyagers had mistaken apes for men; but so far was Arnobius from considering such an appendage as at all disgraceful to humanity, that he wrote a book, to prove that Jupiter, the father of the gods, must have had a tail!

Great expectations, however, were entertained, about six years ago, that this long sought for variety had at last been found. In the summer of 1827, a man presented himself at the Queen's County Infirmary, Maryborough, Ireland, to be relieved from the inconvenience arising from a protuberance at the end of his vertebral column, which, though he could not wag it, looked marvellously like a tail. Doctor Jacob describes, most humorously, his anxiety to establish, from this specimen, the new variety of "*Homo ferus, caudatus, Hibernus*," in such a way as to satisfy the most romantic ideas of the cockneys about the "wild Hirish." But, alas! our brightest hopes must fade: the protuberance being removed, and carefully examined, proved only a simple instance of monstrosity by excess,—there having been an attempt made at the production of a third leg, which had failed for want of matter; some of the small bones of the foot, however, were so far formed as to be distinctly recognized, while all resemblance to vertebrae, of which the tail should consist, was totally wanting. The only other case we shall mention is attested by the French physicians Percy and Laurent. The subject, in this instance, was a young lady of Besançon, who, having arrived at maturity without any inconvenience or suffering, perceived, for the first time in her seventeenth year, that there was an undue prolongation of the spinal column; and, as her tail speedily became cocked, she was thereby entirely prevented from resting on her back. Not liking her

new acquisition, "la tristesse s'empara de cette jeune personne; on cessa de la voir dans le monde, où auparavant elle avait brillé par sa gaité, ses talens, et sa beauté." In this melancholy situation of affairs, the professors of medicine, Athalin and Rougnon, were called in. They prescribed pills and a potion, with the mineral waters of Bressang and Plombières, but, unfortunately, without any effect in diminishing her tail, which continued to grow and flourish. The surgeons, Acton and Vacher, were next consulted, and at once proposed the amputation of the offending part; but the poor young lady not relishing the operation, and finding herself painfully the object of public curiosity, at last retired into a convent, where she hoped to bury herself, her sorrows, and her tail in obscurity. It was, however, otherwise fated: misfortune "had marked her for her own." An epidemic fever reached the convent; our young cenobite was attacked, and, during the long delirium that followed having lain much on her back, the consequence was (Dr. Arnott's floating bed not having been then known), that a gangrenous ulcer formed on the top of her tail. It was under these circumstances that Doctors Percy and Laurent were called to assist, and thus gained an opportunity of examining and reporting on this much disputed part; which they satisfied themselves was nothing more than an *exostosis*, or superfluous growth of bone, remarkable only for its position, and probably formed by an enlarged spinous process of one of the lower vertebrae. But we must cease this puppyish amusement of hunting after our own tails, and return to our author, to learn some more of the laws according to which the body errs from Nature's fair proportions.

The farther parts are removed from the centre the more they are subject to variation: and this holds good, not only as regards irregular formations in the human kind, but as regards the regular external differences to be observed in the genera and species of the animal kingdom.

Indeed, Comparative Anatomy places us on the way to this rule of variation. The organs of animals are variable and different exactly in proportion as their position is eccentric. Thence the infinite varieties of zoological characters: those varieties are already less observable in the sub-cutaneous muscles, and still less so in the deep muscles. The bones have a nearer resemblance than the muscles, and the central viscera than the bones. Whatever may be the organic system under consideration, the differences are at the circumference, and the resemblances at the centre. [This sentence, we may observe, *en passant*, shows the perfection of anatomical classification.] Of this we may judge by a single example: all anatomists agree as to the bony pieces which occupy the centre of the head of fishes, while they all differ in the determination of those which form its circumference.

Embryogeny reproduces those characters: for whilst the primitive forms of the heart and cerebro-spinal axis (brain and spinal marrow, with the parts that protect them) are analogous in all the classes, the periphery of these beings is so different, that each of them preserves the type which is peculiar to it. Thus, the embryo of the reptile does not repeat the *form* of the embryo of the fish at the time that its brain is ichthyo-morphous. The embryo of the bird is neither reptile nor fish at the periods when its brain reproduces the forms proper to those classes. Finally, the embryo of man is always man, though his cerebro-spinal axis assumes,

transitorily, the encephalic forms of the inferior classes.

This greater tendency to variation at the external parts, M. Serres looks on as a consequence of the law of development from the circumference towards the centre. This explanation has been contested by Sir Charles Bell, who, we think more philosophically, refers it to the greater uniformity of the functions of the central organs through the different classes; while external modifying circumstances—such as differences in food, in locality, in the media inhabited, &c.—necessitate corresponding changes in the organs which are external, or placed on the surface. Thus, in all vertebrated animals a certain system of circulation is required,—a certain power of digesting foreign bodies, and rendering them part of the individual body,—a certain constitution of the nervous centre, from which volition must arise, and to which perception is referred; therefore the organs by which these functions are performed—the heart, the stomach, the brain, and spinal marrow—must bear a certain analogy to each other in all the classes of this extensive division. But these organs occupy or approach the central plane of the body. On the contrary, some classes inhabit the earth, some the air, and some the water; some feed on animals, some on vegetables; some are solitary, some gregarious; some have their dwelling beneath the tropical sun, and some amidst the polar snows. Hence, of necessity, arises the endless variety of the external organs with which they are provided; hence the talon, the hoof, the wing, the fin; hence the deadly fang to rend its prey, or the scissor-like incisors to crop the herbage of the verdant plains; and hence the thousand alterations and adaptations of these organs—so beautiful, so suited to the nature, the habits, and instincts of the creatures to which they belong, that the diligent observer of nature is overwhelmed at once with astonishment and delight: in the fulness of his heart he exclaims, "Wonderful are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

Whichever explanation we may adopt of this very interesting question, the utility of the law, as regards us, is obvious. Were animals distinguishable only by anatomical differences—were the varieties in the centre, and the resemblances at the surface, it would be impossible for us to tell such animals as are noxious from such as are useful, while such distinction could be of advantage; the wolf might dwell in the sheepfold, for the eye of the shepherd would fail to recognize him.

We find we said too much when we promised to give a sketch of M. Serres' theory; as yet we have only taken a few of his general laws, supplied them with comment, and explained them by example. Indeed, to render the second part of his work—that on monsters by excess—at all intelligible, constant reference is necessary to the beautiful plates by which it is accompanied. We must, however, before concluding, say a few words relative to the singular being, to explain whose formation the work is more particularly devoted.

In the growth of an organ, we have shown that it may originally have been double, though in its adult and normal state it is single; that its parts approaching each other may mutually penetrate, dovetail into each

other, and finish by the formation of an individual organ. Now, our readers will easily conceive, that this may take place with respect to two similar organs, if brought sufficiently near; and that thus, in the case of twins, any organ,—say, for instance, the liver of one may grow into the liver of the other, and thus an organic connexion take place, the result of which will be a double monster; while other circumstances, such as position, the situation of the connexion, or the pressure thereby produced on the vessels running to certain parts, may determine that the monster should be single in its upper parts, with four lower extremities; or, on the contrary, should have but two lower extremities, while the head, chest, and arms should be all doubled. Now, this is nearly a description of Ritta-Christina.

This connexion or fusion of organs may take place almost anywhere, and seems dependent on position. Some are united in front, as was the case with the Siamese youths, in whom there was reason to believe the connexion very superficial. Some are united by the back, as was the case with Helen and Judith, the Hungarian girls, whose story is so beautifully related by Buffon, always delightful, though often erroneous. Others are united by the back of the head, the top of the head, the spine, or, finally, which is most common, by the anterior or lateral part of the chest or the pelvis;—and this again brings us back to Ritta-Christina, whose case this was.

This singular (we should rather say double) infant was born at Sassari, in Sardinia, March 12, 1829. Soon after, she was brought to Paris, and submitted to the public curiosity, which, we have before said, was extreme. The exposure, however, proved too much for so delicate a frame; the infant languished, and died the 23rd of November, having lived eight months and some days.

At first sight, as the infant lay in its cradle, one would have pronounced it two twin sisters lying side by side. Their physiognomy had all the engaging expression of their age; that of Christina was more lively and joyous; that of Ritta had the melancholy print which, in an infant, always indicates debility and suffering. Ritta smiled rarely when feeding, and showed little anxiety for the breast, even when the intervals were much prolonged. Christina, on the contrary, frequently sought it, and drank with avidity. It is known, that during this act, infants have the habit of moving about their little feet and hands when their limbs are free: these movements took place simultaneously in the two legs when the two sisters were at the breast; they were confined to one leg when only one of them was taking food. We see already that each infant had an inferior extremity belonging to itself, for each of the extremities appeared submitted to the government of the head corresponding to it.

Further observation showed, that in the exercise of three principal functions of life—nutrition, respiration, and circulation—their duality was reduced to individuality. It was not so, however, with sensation. Each having its distinct brain and spinal marrow; the perceptions of each were also distinct.

If you tickled the left foot, Christina smiled and moved her leg—Ritta appeared unconscious of the sensation. If, on the other hand, you tickled the right foot, it was Ritta who answered, and Christina who remained quiet. If they were asleep, the head answering to the foot

tickled awoke; both heads awoke, if both feet were touched at the same time.

We thus see that both shared in those common functions which were necessary for their common existence; while each was endowed separately with that sensibility which ensured its individual comfort and preservation. But we have got on the verge of technical anatomy, and we must cease. We tear ourselves unwillingly from a work which is beautiful in its style, and philosophic in its views; which finds its theory on the multitude of its facts, and bases its speculations on the most extended acquaintance with nature. It does honour to the already celebrated name of M. Serres; and though we have withheld our assent from some of its speculations, as not yet sufficiently proved, we shall have much failed of our intent, if we have not conveyed to the reader some portion of the interest with which we perused the work.

Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures.

We have, under the head of Fine Arts, duly noticed the progress of this very cheap and beautiful work;—but an interest attaches to it distinct from the merit of the engravings,—the accompanying descriptions by Allan Cunningham. These we have always read with great pleasure; and now that our double numbers have put us a little in advance of the publishers, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity to string together some few of those characteristic descriptions, and shrewd general observations, which we have from time to time marked for quotation. Speaking of a landscape of G. Poussin's, Mr. Cunningham observes—

“Neither the graver nor the pen can do justice to such a production, and when we examined the painting in the collection of Robert Ludgate, Esq. we felt how unable we were to describe its transparent colours, or give any idea of its harmonious splendour. As we looked on it we felt more than ever, how closely poetry and painting are allied: but the beauty of true poetry no art can effectually embody, and the beauty of true painting can neither be described in poetry nor prose. The best painter never fell further below Milton and Shakspeare in expressing their sentiments, than the ablest writer falls below the noblest painting in explaining it.”

The following is itself a picture:—

“Water-mills are favourite subjects with painters and poets. There is something attractive and picturesque in a mill in motion. The water descending upon the outer wheel, the machinery revolving, the white round grain running in above and coming out in meal below, the dusty miller watching his wheels moving and his maidens sifting the seeds or chaff from the flour, together with the pleasing din and agreeable sight of running water, the dust issuing in gusts from crevice and wicket, and the sudden cessation of sounds melodious, or otherwise, when the task is performed, all unite in forming a picture addressed both to mind and eye. Nor is the scene around the mill of inferior interest: the shelling-hill is at hand whitened over with husks; broken mill-stones lie about; one forms a rude bridge over the race or trough that conducts the water to the outer wheel, others are sunk nigh the door as pavement, while perhaps the last pair which fulfilled their term of service lean against the wall along with fragments of discarded machinery. Then there is the kiln where the corn is dried, with its cowl above which turns with the wind; the kilnman too, as black as the miller is white, lying sidelong

watching the result of his fire or turning the warming grain on pierced iron plates, or more perilous still, upon straw. If to this we add cocks and hens to the shelling-hill, ducks to the mill-dam and a vagrant boy trying to lure the suspicious trout with a hook and worm, we may consider the chief features of the scene as complete.”

Of Claude and his Landscapes.—“In his youth he found his way to Rome, and endeavoured in the academy to acquire a knowledge of the human figure; he succeeded to a certain degree, but never excelled; and his compositions carry with them the reproach of being the work of various hands. In truth the wonderful beauty of his landscapes requires loveliness equal or superior to that of the Apollo and the Venus; his ground seems fit only to be touched by celestial feet, and his air to be fanned by heavenly wings. His pictures are in all things poetical; no one on a journey ever sees a scene which recalls Claude; we behold him sometimes in the summer skies, when

The air is mild, the wind is calm,
The stream is smooth, the dew is balm,
but we know of nothing earthly so passing fair and lovely as his views of temples, streams, and valleys.

“Let no one however suppose that he found all this excellence in imagination alone, and that nature had nothing to do with it. On the contrary, it is related of him that he sought to explore the true principles of painting by an incessant examination of nature, for which purpose he studied in the open fields, where he wrought from sunrise to twilight, taking views of heaven and earth under every influence which he felt might be useful in his compositions. He noted every fine tinge of light; took sketches of the sunbeams dropping from cloud to cloud, and it was his chief delight to see the sun rising or setting on a wide tranquil sea, scattering its long lines of dazzling light on wave and shore, tinging the sea-fowl's wing, the rock, the ruined tower, or the passing sail. On such materials he set his poetic fancy to work, and produced those bright and glorious compositions which may have been equalled, but surely were never surpassed.”

Of Canaletto.—“There is no question but something like the dawnings of imagination may be observed even in his most literal copies. It says little we fear for the taste of this country that his Venetian fac-similes have been chiefly in request—scenes which our travellers considered as beautiful they desired to bring with them, in order to travel all their travels over again at home, and in this way and no other can we account for the great number of his pictures in England. His labours at the theatre, in which he was often called upon to dash in half a dozen landscapes in an incredibly short space of time, gave that almost marvellous rapidity to his pencil over which so many have wondered: we must however set down to his own good taste the pains which he took to make them accurate, and that air of reality which he communicated to all he touched. His fastidious accuracy of delineation has its drawbacks; men lose the grand in the minute; the majestic in the neat; and in giving every pillar and pilaster, architrave and coign of vantage, with the fidelity of a clerk of the works, the eye is called to these inferior points from the general sweep and outline of the performance. In many of our lesser landscapes the trees of the forest sat sometimes for their individual portraits; the minutest matter is marked without reflecting that it is the leading features alone on which the eye of the spectator lingers. In painting a birch, an ash, an elm or an oak, the touch which distinguishes their natures is wanted, and not the detail of leaf and bark and bough. In all that belongs to the elegant and the accurate

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Canaletto was a master; he lived to a great age, established something like a school, and instructed his nephew Bernardo Bellotto in his system of painting. He has had few followers, the pains which he took alarm all such students as expect to produce landscape by broad masses of colour and sudden bursts of light and darkness; those who can only copy nature must copy her exactly, for the moment they forsake her they fail: those who have true imagination may do as they like, for in their hands the wildest flights are united to truth and nature by the spell which genius throws over all her works."

On a clever domestic picture by Vangool, Mr. Cunningham incidentally throws out some observations which, we think, our young artists might judiciously ponder over.

"In scenes of this domestic nature the heart of England feels an interest; the grand or high historical seems almost a flight above common sympathy. We think portrait would work well in groups such as this before us; and let it be borne in mind that our early painters set the example; to go no higher than Hogarth, his conversation pieces, as he called them, though perhaps a little too literal, have great merit both in character and colour, and might be imitated by some academicians with advantage to themselves. It is all very well to have single heads when they are of any mark in the country, and can lay claim to something intellectual; our Scotts, our Wordsworths, our Broughams, and our Wellingtons need not be tied up in couples nor yoked in conversation, but we cannot glance round the walls of our exhibition rooms without a consciousness that many heads there require the additional charm which employment gives, to render them worthy of a second look. In truth to give an image of domestic life is to do something of a high order. The well trimmed evening fire and the well ordered house, the more youthful part of the household busied in their various lessons, the elder about some thrifty employment, the eye of the matron superintending and directing all, and the head of the house, like Ossian's warrior, 'on his own hill retired,' pondering over the concerns of the day, or indulging himself with a book, an instrument of music, or a game at cards, like the well dressed gentleman in the work before us, would make a fair picture. Out of scenes, such as life every hour presents, an artist of any fancy might work whole galleries; half a dozen human beings can take as many postures as so many bits of glass in a kaleidoscope."

Tolufut-ul-Mujahideen. An historical work in the Arabic Language. Translated by Lieut. M. J. Rowlandson. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund.

The work before us is an account of the arrival and early conquests of the Portuguese in India, written by a cotemporary Mohammedan author. As Monsieur Jourdain is not the only person in the world likely to exclaim, "Voilà des mots qui sont trop rébarbifs—cela ne me revient point," it would, perhaps, have been better, if the committee had shown some regard for persons in the situation of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and given the work a more intelligible title. This, indeed, is a complaint which we have to make against too many of the works published by the Oriental Translation Fund; there are few more delightful histories than that which they have published of the successors of Aurengzib, but its barbarous title, "Siyar-ul-Mutakherin," prevents any but the initiated from forming a wish to consult its pages.

The design of the author, Zeen-ud-deen, was to urge the Mohammedan princes and people to combine in one grand effort for the expulsion of the intrusive Christians, and hence we might be led to suspect that he has exaggerated the bad faith, the treachery and the cruelty of the intruders; but his translator has confirmed almost every statement, by the testimony of the Portuguese themselves; though, indeed, such confirmation is almost needless to those who have heard of the inquisition at Goa. Naval adventurers are generally so popular in their native countries, that their actions abroad are rarely scrutinized with severity; we must, therefore, not be surprised to find the Portuguese heroes stigmatized as pirates and buccaneers by a Mohammedan: it would astonish some Englishmen, to learn in what terms the Spaniards and the Irish speak of Sir Walter Raleigh. But the mode in which European nations acquired colonies both in the East and West, will not bear a very strict examination, and we shall not therefore be too hasty in passing sentence upon Portugal.

Zeen-ud-deen commences his work by quoting those passages in the Koran, and the traditional precepts ascribed to Mohammed, which enjoin the extermination of infidels. Among them, we find this magnificent orientalism, "In the shade of the symitars Paradise is prefigured;" and a curious allusion to the dread of the sea, for which the Arabs, in the days of the prophet, were remarkable, "Whoever has lost his life in my cause, may hereafter contend in the deep." He next relates the manner in which the Mohammedan religion was first propagated in the kingdom of Malabar, and he ascribes the eminence of the Zamorin to his adoption of Islamism; probably with truth, for it brought to his court many warlike adventurers, whom the revolutions in the sultanies of Asia had driven into exile, and thus gave him an army superior in discipline and experience to any that his neighbours could muster. Our author next details some customs peculiar to the pagans of Malabar, of which the most remarkable and most honourable was the universal toleration conceded to every sect and every creed. The account of the first arrival of the Portuguese is meagre: the author knew too little of geography to appreciate the long and dangerous voyage of him who first

Taught his proud barks their winding way to shape,
And dared the stormy spirit of the Cape.

The account of the quarrel between the Portuguese and their precursors in the Indian trade, differs materially from that given by Portuguese writers. Zeen-ud-deen says,

"No long time had elapsed before they endeavoured to persuade the agents of the Zamorin to prohibit the Mohammedans from engaging in the trade of that country."

Maffei and Souza ascribe the proposal for exclusive dealing to the Mohammedans; in all probability, both parties made the proposition. The Zamorin took part with his old friends, and a war ensued, which terminated in the triumph of the Portuguese. Indeed, their enemies could not have been formidable, since Zeen-ud-deen tells us that three small ships beat off a force which he calculates roughly at one hundred thousand men. In his account of the engagement, he follows Dogberry's advice, "to give God thanks and make no boast," for he piously

congratulates his hundred thousand brethren on their escape. The Portuguese used their superiority very cruelly, and the following Mohammedan picture of their severities could be confirmed in every particular by European authorities:—

"They made the Mohammedans to be a jest and laughing-stock; displaying towards them the greatest contempt; employing them to draw water from the wells, and in other menial employments, spitting in their faces and upon their persons; hindering them on their journeys, particularly when proceeding on pilgrimage to Mecca; destroying their property; burning their dwellings and mosques; seizing their ships; defacing and treading under foot their archives and writings; burning their records; profaning their sanctuaries; striving by all means to make them apostates.... Further binding them with ponderous shackles, and exposing them in the markets for sale: torturing them with all sorts of painful inflictions, in order to exact more from them for their freedom. Huddling them together into a dark, noisome, and horrible building; and when performing the ablutions directed by their law, beating them with slippers; and torturing them with fire.... Sorely did they oppress the faithful, striving all of them to eradicate the Mohammedan religion, and to bring over its followers to Christianity."

The historian then proceeds to relate the particulars of the wars and truces between the Zamorin and the Portuguese viceroys, at some length, and with very great impartiality. He concludes with a lamentation over the downfall of the Mohammedan power, and a prayer for its speedy restoration. Though this work is by no means so interesting or so valuable as the 'Siyar-ul-Mutakherin,' it is a pleasing specimen of the Arabic mode of writing history, and a useful addition to the limited store of works relating to the early European settlements in India.

The Lyrics of Horace; being the First Four Books of his Odes. Translated by the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M.A., F.R.S. Printed for Private Distribution.

THESE translations have been manifestly the recreations of a gentleman possessing a purely classical taste and a fine ear for melody: they are generally faithful, frequently spirited, and the versification is never harsh. Not being intended for public circulation, they are not strictly within the pale of criticism; but their merits would bear the test of a more rigid scrutiny than we feel disposed to apply. The almost exclusive use of the octosyllabic metre gives a sameness to the work, which contrasts rather too powerfully with the great variety of metres used in the original; and the specimens of variation given by Mr. Wrangham lead us to regret that they were not more numerous. The sweet ode, 'Poscimur.—Si quid,' &c. is very ably rendered:

O if my hand in idle play
E'er won from thee a deathless lay,
Now at thy master's call, my Lyre,
The Latin song awake, inspire.
Thine earliest chords Alcaeus strung:
But whether his high accents rung
Amid the raging battle's roar,
Or with his tost keel moor'd on shore;
Bacchus, the Muse, the Queen of Joy,
And ever at her side her Boy
He sang: nor, Lyre, pass'd he by
Thy long dark hair, and soft dark eye.

+ The archbishop's prison, used as a kind of bridewell to the Inquisition.

‡ The greatest insult to an Oriental.

O Lyre, Apollo's loveliest grace,
Who find'st in Jove's high festals place :
Sweet soother of each toil, each care,
O ever list my solemn prayer !

The passage of Horace that displays most poetic power, is the comparison between himself and Pindar: it loses little of its force in the translation:—

He, who to Pindar's heights would soar,
Ventures on wing like that of yore
Glued to th' ambitious boy, who gave
His name to Grecia's glassy wave.
As mountain-stream, by tempests fed,
Swells foaming o'er its wond'ring bed,
So Pindar boils, so pour along
His deep illimitable song.
Around his brow he wreathed the bay,
Whether the dithyramb lay
He roll in fierce poetic heat,
Where mingle numbers wild and sweet :
Or Gods and God-descended kings,
Who smote the Centaurs, grace his strings—
Smote with just stroke, and quell'd the ire
Of dread Chimera snorting fire :
Or round the victor's palm-crown'd head,
On Pisa's plain for strength or steed
Renown'd, he twine one chaplet more,
To which the bust, the pillar's poor:
Or hapless bride his lyre record,
Untimely widow'd of her lord ;
His golden truth, his matchless might
Redeeming from oblivion's night—
Light buoyant through th' empyreal air
The Swan strong breezes bear :
While I with tiny industry,
I like the toiling Matha bee
(Whose wing o'er many a thyme-bed roves,
Undired "mid Tibur's bowery groves,
Or by its dripping banks remain,
To meditate my lowly strain.

Mr. Wrangham is least successful in those lively odes which Horace has dedicated to love and wine: they have in the translation a sobriety and stiffness that hide the gallantry and jollity of the old poet: the following, however, possesses no small share of the Horatian spirit:—

What years from Inachus divide
Codrus, who for his country died,
Tell ye, and *Æacus' line*,
And the sad tale of Troy divine :
But what the price of Chian, who
Heats for his friends the bagnio ;
When I, and at whose genial board,
Shall shut out winter—not a word !
Quick, boy, a bumper to the Moon :
Again—one more to Night's mid noon,
One to Morena. Three or nine,
As measures, best the cup combine.
Nine, rapt transported poets claim,
Who madden with the Muses' flame :
Link'd with her naked Sisters twain,
The Grace permits but three to drain,
Anxious from tends her hand to save—
O 'tis delicious thus to rave !
Why does you pipe its tones forget ?
Why madden the lyre, the flageolet ?
Pshaw ! what frugality of flowers !
More roses. This wild din of ours,
Old epiclenic ! let Lycus hear,
And—pair'd, not match'd—his wedded dear.
Thee, beauty with thy clustering hair,
Thee, Telephus, as Hesper fair,
Ripe Chloe courts : for Glycera
I slowly, gently melt away.

We feel obliged to Mr. Wrangham for having so pleasingly recalled to our mind the studies of our youth, and induced us again to turn over the pages of the prince of the poets of artificial life.

Sir Guy de Lusignan. A Tale of Italy. By E. Cordelia Knight, Authoress of 'Dinarbas, &c. 2 vols. London : Saunders & Otley.

"On, that mine enemy would write a book!"—but Miss (or Mrs.) Knight belongs to a sex in which we count no enemies, and we wish she had not written *this* book. We can scarcely persuade ourselves that there is not some mistake in the title-page. Many years ago, 'Dinarbas,' a continuation of Johnson's 'Rasselas,' was produced by a lady; and, if

our bibliographical recollections do not fail us, the performance justified expectations for the future, which 'Sir Guy de Lusignan' by no means realizes. We would approach, with all becoming tenderness, a subject of so much delicacy as that of a lady's age ; but, if we are right in the recollection to which we have alluded, the authoress of 'Dinarbas' can be no longer under the dominion of the imagination. Its empire must, ere this, have yielded to a higher ascendancy, though one not so available for the purposes of novel-writing. Certainly there is, in the work before us, a much greater display of those materials which have not been collected without the reading of years, than of any ingenuity in their use, or fancy in their arrangement. The story is laid in the midst of stirring times and romantic scenes, and has for its actors some of the most striking characters, and for its materials some of the most picturesque events in history ; yet is it as prosaic as if it were made up of the most prosaic facts, and has all the dulness of the most common-place narrative, without any of its instruction. We regret this the more, because the authoress suffers by a comparison, by which few gain, when it is instituted at remote intervals,—we mean with herself. It may console her to remember, that even Scott sustained a wrong at his own hand, which he could have suffered from no other ; and perhaps she will forgive us what we are compelled to say of her book, in favour of the plea which we ourselves put in on her account, that "neque semper arcum tendit Apollo."

To give a description of the plot to our readers is impossible,—for the substantial reason that we have not been able to trace its outline for ourselves. We are not sure that the book was intended to have any. The persons are numerous,—“innumerable” rather,—characters none. The incidents are few, but by no means striking, (except some of the borrowed historical ones, which are striking in all other narratives;) yet their arrangement is involved and their development intricate. The details are long and dull, as if inspired by MacFleckno himself. The style is generally insipid, though it occasionally aspires to be stately, even to affectation; while “figures ill-paired, and similes unlike,” encumber what they fail to illustrate. There is a great display of reading and research,—a multitude of episodes clumsily introduced, as if to show that the authoress had got more notes than her story required her to use;—persons and incidents ostentatiously dragged into the narrative, without any of the connexions, or even analogies, of time, place, or circumstance, or even similitude. In short, the whole is a gathering together of the “dry bones” of history by one who certainly has not contrived to make any of them “live.” We know of no material process so like to reading ‘Sir Guy de Lusignan,’ as the unwrapping of a mummy. The period chosen for the tale is one that has been variously characterized; but respecting which we are not called upon to offer an opinion, inasmuch as it is not characterized in this work at all. We need merely say that the crusades,—whose actors, for the most part, desecrated the pure faith which they professed,—furnish Miss Knight with a boundless store which she may draw upon for her narrative. The characters in the novel are all well drawn, and the plot is well contrived; but the style is dull, the incidents are few, and the whole is a mere collection of “dry bones” of history.

ders the title of this book, and the weight of such criticisms as ours, she has, very considerately, assigned little else to do.

Westward Ho! a Tale. By the Author of
'The Dutchman's Fireside,' &c. 2 vols.
New York: Harper; London, Rich.

THE professed object of this novel, is to hold forth by example, a warning against fanaticism, and what is called faith in presentiment. The hero is a young man, whose grandfather was forewarned by an idiot beggar, that he would go mad, leaving a mad family: of course, the fate of grandfather and father verifies the prediction; his two brothers also become melancholy proofs of the misery to which the family are doomed; and our hero lives in all the horrors of anticipated and coming madness; which is eventually brought on by the sermon of a wandering fanatic. The fate thus denounced, and the corroborating proofs of its truth, is a secret which the hero wishes to conceal, and out of this concealment, is woven the mystery of the plot: he sells his patrimonial estate, and removes into the back settlements of Kentucky, where, of course, he falls in love, and out of the now contending passions, fear and hope, the interest of the work is wrought up. This outline of the story will, perhaps, remind the reader of the novels of Brockden Brown; but Brown, though a coarse hand, could yet throw in some gentle touches of deep pathos—whereas, here, it is all backwood work—hewing down passion and feeling like

an oak tree. There are some scenes of considerable power, but, upon cultivated minds they lose much of their effect, from exaggeration; and if there were nothing else in the novel, we should here dismiss it. But some of the parties who figure in the story, will interest English readers. The sketch of old Virginia, with which the novel opens, is very clever. The Col. Dangerfield of this part of the story, is a fine specimen of the true Virginian, a race of men who think it unbecoming a liberal mind to concern themselves with such peddling matters as the management of their estates, indifferent whence money comes, whether from rent or mortgage,^{so} that it does come when wanted; and squandering away noble fortunes in gambling and racing, yet with such a dash of open-hearted generous liberality, as to win from us our best wishes, and almost our admiration. The Colonel has a very pleasant satellite in a Mr. Littlejohn—a friend of the same humour—"the merriest rogue in all the country round, and who did more laughing than any ten men in Virginia. I mean," says the writer, "white men; for, notwithstanding the negroes are so utterly miserable, it somehow or other happens, that they are a hundred times merrier than their masters." At the opening of the novel, the Colonel is very nearly a ruined man, and his fate is soon after determined at a horse race, when "an estate of six generations" passes away from him and his heirs for ever. Losing the race has other consequences. Soon after their return home, a horrible outcry is heard in the stables. The Colonel hurried there, and on arrival,

like ten thousand bulls of Bashan, it was that luckless composition of ebony. Between every stroke, which was followed by a roar, the indignant Ducklegs would exclaim:—

“ ‘ You young rascal—you lose he race, eh! —(whack!)—You no beat Molly Magpie, eh! —(whack!)—You no be free nigger, eh! —(whack!)—You no get a hundred a year, eh! —(whack!)— You disgrace you family, you young rascal, eh! —(whack! whack! whack!)’ ”

“ ‘ Pomp,’ cried the colonel, ‘ how dare you strike any of my slaves without my permission?’ ”

“ ‘ He disgrace he family, massa.’ ”

“ ‘ Pshaw! untie the poor fellow; he did his best—it was not his fault that Barebones lost. Untie him, I say, and never take such a liberty again, sir.’ ”

“ ‘ Huh!—libbety! grumbled Pompey Ducklegs, as he obeyed his master, ‘ debbil! an’t he old nigger’s own flesh and blood, dough he be a disgrace to he family?’ ”

With the wreck of his fortune, the Colonel marches off to the Western Country, and there, removed from temptation, he becomes a thriving and prosperous gentleman. Some new characters now appear on the stage, to whom we shall introduce our readers. The following account of Bushfield, will give a good idea of the hazard run by the early settlers:—

“ ‘ I’ll tell you what, stranger, if you had lived in Old Kentuck as long as I have, and seen what I have seen, you’d talk other guess, I reckon. When I first remember this country, nobody could sleep of nights for fear of the Ingens, who were so thick you couldn’t see the trees for them. There isn’t a soul in all Kentucky but has lost some one of his kin in the Ingen wars, or had his house burnt over his head by these creturs. When they plough their fields, they every day turn up the bones of their own colour and kin who have been scalped, and tortured, and whipped, and starved by these varmints, that are ten thousand times more bloodthirsty than tigers, and as cunning as ‘ possums. I, stranger, I am the last of my family and name; the rest are all gone, and not one of them died by the hand of his Maker. My grandfather fell and was scalped at Old Chillicothe; my uncle was massacred at Ruddle’s Station, after he had surrendered; my father lost his life at the Blue Licks, when all Kentucky was in mourning; my two brothers were kidnapped when they were boys, and never heard of afterwards; and—and—my mother and sister were burnt up in our house, while all the men were out to catch a horse-thief, by a party of Shawanoes. They barred the doors and windows, and my little sister loaded the gun, which my mother fired as fast as she loaded. They killed two of the varmints; the others set fire to the house, and—and—J—s! that any white man should pity an Ingen here on “ the dark and bloody ground.” ’ ”

The hero of the tale appears in the following dialogue, but we quote it, as throwing further light on the character of Bushfield, one of the best drawn in the volume, though evidently a copy from old Col. Boone:—

“ As they rode to the spot which was the object of their visit, the colonel spoke of what was necessary to be done in the first stage of new settlement, and entered on a variety of details, such as he thought might interest his guest; but his mind seemed to be wandering to other subjects. Sometimes he did not answer at all, and at others nothing or very little to the purpose.

“ ‘ Stranger,’ said Bushfield, who accompanied them on his way home, he not being resident in the village of Dangerfieldville, ‘ stranger, you don’t seem on the track of what the colonel says. But I’ll tell you what, a man that comes to settle

in these parts must be wide awake, and rip and tear away like a horse in a cane-brake. But somehow you don’t appear to mind what’s said to you, any more than my old horse Shavetail, who lost his hearing at the last general training, they fired at such a rate.’ ”

“ ‘ I believe, indeed, I was guilty of the ill manners of thinking of something else; I am apt to be absent,’ said Rainsford, with a melancholy smile.

“ ‘ What! you’re one of the booky fellers that think one thing while they are talking about another. There’s an old varmint at Frankford Academy, as I heard, that one day cut his forefinger to a sharp point instead of a pencil, for want of thinking what he was about.’ ”

“ ‘ What a beautiful country!’ exclaimed Rainsford.

“ ‘ Beautiful?—it’s transcendent! Yes, if Old Kentucky was cut off from all the rest of the earth, she’d be a world within herself,’ answered Bushfield.

“ ‘ A spot was selected for the residence of Rainsford on the bank of a little stream which found its way to the Kentucky River through a rich meadow imbosomed in the hills.

“ ‘ Tis a little paradise,’ said he; ‘ but I fear it is too distant from any other habitation.’ ”

“ ‘ Distant!’ cried Bushfield, ‘ not at all; why, you and I shall be nigh neighbours. Don’t you see that blue mountain yonder? I live just on the other side, and it’s only fifteen miles off.’ ”

“ ‘ That’s rather too far from me; I don’t like to be alone.’ ”

“ ‘ Not like to be alone! why, where under the sun did you spring from, stranger? Now, for my part, I don’t want any other company than my dog, my rifle, and plenty of game. I never wish to see the smoke of my neighbour’s chimney. You’ll have a smart chance of company at Dangerfieldville, which isn’t above six miles off, as I should calculate.’ ”

“ After a few minutes’ reflection, Mr. Rainsford assented to the location of his house, observing, it was after all, perhaps, of little consequence where he pitched his tent, to the great disgust of Bushfield, who set him down in his own mind as fellow that hadn’t fire enough in him to prevent his being frostbitten in the dog days.’ ”

Our readers may desire to know something more of this wild backwoodsman, and we shall therefore extract his leave-taking:—

“ ‘ Well, colonel,’ said Bushfield, ‘ I’ve let go the willows at last. I can’t go it any longer here.’ ”

“ ‘ Why, what’s the matter?’ asked the other.

“ ‘ O, everything is getting so dense here, that a man can’t turn round, or say his soul is his own. There’s that interloper that has located himself just under my nose, about five miles off,

I caught him in the very fact of shooting a deer on my side of the river, I’ll be goy blamed if I didn’t, colonel. Well, what would you have a man do? I challenged him to take a shot at

from a hundred yards to meeting muzzles. But he’s as mean as gar-broth. He said he’d bought the land of Uncle Sam, and had as good a right to shoot there as the old man himself. This was more than a dead ‘ possum could stand. I wish I may be shot if I didn’t lick him as slick as a whistle in less than no time. Well,

by George!—would you believe it?—he took the law of me! Only think of the feller’s impudence, colonel, to take the law of a gentleman! I paid him fifty dollars for licking him; but if I don’t give him a hundred dollars’ worth the next time we meet, I’m a coward, anyhow.’ ”

“ The colonel condoned with him, but at the same time advised him to submit to the laws. “ ‘ Laws! none of your laws for me, colonel. I can’t live where there’s law or lawyers, and a feller don’t know whether he’s right or wrong without looking into a law-book. They don’t

seem to know any more about conscience than I do about law. Now, for my part, I do just what I think right, and that’s what I call going according to my conscience. But colonel, continued he, with a queer chuckle, ‘ I’ve got into a worse scrape than that business with the squatter.’ ”

“ ‘ No! I’m sorry for that; what is it?’ ”

“ ‘ Why, you must know, not long after you went away there came a man riding along here that I calculate had just thrown off his moccasins, with another feller behind him in a laced hat, and for all the world dressed like a militia officer. Well, I hailed him in here, for you know I like to do as you would in your own house; and he came to like a good feller. But the captain, as I took him to be, hung fire, and staid out with the horses. So I went and took hold of him like a snapping-turtle, and says I, “ Captain, one would think you had never been inside of a gentleman’s house before.” But he held back like all wrath, and wouldn’t take any thing. So says I, “ Stranger, I’m a peaceable man anyhow, but maybe you don’t know what it is to insult a feller by sneaking away from his hospitality here in Old Kentuck.” I held on to him all the while, or he’d have gone off like one of these plaguey precussion-locks that have just come into fashion. “ Captain,” says I, “ here’s your health, and may you live to be a general.” “ Captain!” says the other, “ he’s no captain; he’s my servant.” “ What!” says I, “ one white man be a servant to another! make a nigger of himself! come, that’s too bad;” and I began to feel a little savage. I asked one if he wasn’t ashamed to make a slave of a feller-cretur, and the other if he wasn’t ashamed to make a nigger of himself; and they got rather obstropolous. I don’t know exactly how it came about, but we got into a fight, and I lick’d them both, but not till they got outside the door, for I wouldn’t be uncivil anyhow. Well, what do you think? instead of settling the thing like a gentleman, the feller that had a white man for his nigger, instead of coming out fine, I’ll be eternally dern’d if he didn’t send a constable after me. Well, I made short work of it, and lick’d him too, anyhow. But I can’t stand it here any longer. * * * I must look out for some place where a man can live independent, where there’s no law but gentlemen’s law, and no niggers but black ones. I sha’n’t see you again, colonel, it’s most likely, so good-by. I expect you’ll be after me soon, for I look upon it to be impossible for a man in his senses to live here much longer, to be hopped like a horse, and not go where he pleases.’ And away he marched, with a heart as light as a feather, in search of a place where he might live according to his conscience.’ ”

Another party met with on the descent of the Ohio, are sufficiently original to be interesting—it consisted of Capt. Sam Hugg, the master of a trading boat—Cherub Spooney, his mate, and “ a gentleman of colour,” who officiated as cook, and whom Captain Sam swore to be the knowlingest chap he ever knew. “ The varmint can’t read,” would he say, “ but I wish I may be split into shingles, if he can’t tell what’s in a newspaper by only smelling it.”

The following story is certainly original both in matter and manner:—

“ ‘ Well then, captain, if he won’t sing, suppose tell us another story,’ quoth Cherub Spooney.

“ ‘ Ay, do now, captain; tell us the story of the strange cretur you picked up going down the river,’ said another.

“ ‘ Ah! now do, Massa Cappin Sam,’ quoth blackey.

“ ‘ Well, I’ll tell you how it was. We had hauled in the broad-horn close ashore to wood;

wind was up-stream, so we couldn't make much headway anyhow. Bill told the nigger to cook a few steaks of Clumsy—that was what we called the bear I shot the day before—well, while we we were a-wooding—'

"That story's as long as the Mississippi," said one.

"Shut pan, and sing dumb, or I'll throw you into the drink," exclaimed Spooney. * * *

"Well, as I was saying, Spoon, the nigger—

"I tink he might call um geman of choler, muttered blackey.

"The nigger went to cook some bear while we were wooding, so that we might have some-thin to go upon. When we came back, what kind of a varmint do you think we started in the canebrake?'

"I reckon an alligator," said blackey.

"Hold your tongue, you beauty, or you shall smell brimstone through a nail hole," cried Spooney; "go ahead, go ahead, captain."

"Well, as I was saying we started the droll-est varmint perhaps you ever did see. Its face was covered with hair, like a bull buffalo, all but a little place for his eyes to see through. It looked mighty skeery, as though it thought itself a gone sucker, and calculated we were going to eat it, before we killed it; but we carried it aboard the broadhorn, and took com-passion on the poor thing. I slapped it on the back, and told it to stand up on its hind legs, and I wish I may run on a sawyer if it didn't turn out to be a live dandy."

"Had it a tail?"

"I'll wool lightning out of you, Bill, if you interrupt me."

"Well, go ahead—go ahead—tell us about the dandy—ha, ha, ha! I should like to have seen it when it stood upon its hind legs. What did it say?"

"Why, I asked what they called such queer things where it came from, and it said Basil; and that the captain of the steamboat had put it ashore because it insisted on going into the ladies' cabin. Well, some of us called it summer-savory, some catnip, some sweet basil, and we had high fun with the cretur, and laughed till we were tired. And then we set him on a barrel forked eend downwards—'

"Yough! yough! yough!" ejaculated blackey, bursting into one of his indescribable laughs.

"No laughing in the ranks there—throw that nigger overboard if he laughs before I come to the right place, and then you may all begin. Well, then, I began to ask him all about himself; and he told me he was great tra-veller; and that he had been so far north, that the north star was south of him. And then he asked me if I knew any thing of navigation and the use of the globes. 'To be sure I do,' said I; 'aint they made for people to live on?' * * *

"Here he made a note in his book, and I began to smoke him for one of these fellers that drive a sort of trade of making books about Old Kentuck, and the western country; so I thought I'd set him barking up the wrong tree a little. And I told him some stories that were enough to set the Mississippi afire; but he put them all down in his book. One of my men was listening, and he sung out, 'Well, Sam, you do take the rag off the bush, that's sartin'; and I was fearful dandy would find out I was smoking him; so I jumped up and told Tom a short horse was soon curried, and I'd knock him into a cocked-hat if he said another word. And that broke up the conversation."

"But what did you do with him at last, captain?" said another.

"Why, I got tired of making fun of the ring-tail-roarer, and happening to meet the steamboat Daniel Boone, Captain Lansdale, coming down stream, just as she had smashed a broad-horn, and the owner was sitting on the top of it, singing,

Hail, Columbia, happy land,
If I ain't ruin'd I'll be—

I persuaded the captain to let dandy come aboard again, on his promising to keep out of the ladies' cabin."

We repeat, that, as a novel, this work is but indifferent—but scenes like these have considerable interest, especially to us Englishmen.

Romances of the Chivalrous Ages. The Pilgrim Brothers. 2 vols. London: Bull.

This is a tale of the time of the Crusades; it is part real and part imaginary: the pilgrim brothers are two gallant English knights, sworn friends, equally brave, handsome, and courteous—in short, the twin flowers of friendship and chivalry. But love brings them out in their natural colours. Sir Roland loved the Lady Bertha of Chilham, for her own perfections alone; Sir Tristan loved her for her Kentish kingdom: the former was open in his addresses; the latter, cunning and treacherous; and both go to work according to their natures. At that time, an attempt was made to win the Holy Land from the infidels, and thither the two friends sailed, and drew their swords, and fought so well, that all Europe rung with accounts of their doings both in story and ballad. Sir Tristan had another matter at heart than winning the Holy Sepulchre: he accompanied Sir Roland to Palestine, for the purpose of cutting him privily off; returning to England, and marrying the Lady Bertha. He obtained leave of absence from the army—disguised himself like a Saracen Emir, challenged Roland, and hoped to slay him in the lists, but failed so much, that he was near being slain himself. It would be too long a tale, to tell how Sir Roland was taken prisoner—how Sir Tristan came to Kent, persuaded Bertha's father that Roland was a traitor to his king and religion—how, in his attempts to persuade Bertha, he was discovered to be the traitor himself—how all his machinations failed by the return of his injured friend, and that he died a miserable death, and love and fidelity triumphed.

There are some clever and pictorial scenes in these volumes, with a just sense of poetic dignity—but the wicked are too wicked, and the good too good. There is a monotony of character, such as nature never exhibits,—a want of individuality, in short, for the absence of which nothing can compensate.

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.—Vol. 44. *The Chronology of History.* By Sir Harris Nicolas. London: Longman & Co.

DATES are to history what latitude and longitude are to geography; and yet, until the publication of this work, there existed not in our language any available treatise on the art by which dates are verified. We have had, to be sure, many excellent publications on the Greek and Roman chronology, but the whole of the Middle Ages remained neglected, and we were left to guess the modes of computation adopted by the old chroniclers as best we could. To arrange the correspondence of different eras and epochs, was a work requiring immense labour, patient research, and no ordinary share of sagacity.

A most perplexing source of error is the variation of the period chosen for the commencement of the year; this not only was

different in different countries, but even in the same country distinction was made between the beginnings of the historical, the ecclesiastical, and the legal years. The regnal years of sovereigns add still more to the difficulty; more especially in English history,—for many of our monarchs dated their reigns, not from their accession, but from their coronation, or, in later times, from the day on which "the king's peace was proclaimed." Inattention to this fact has rendered the edition of Rymer's *'Fœdera'*, now in the course of publication at the national expense, utterly false in all its dates from the reign of Richard I. to that of Edward IV.; but this is not the only instance of ignorance, or still more culpable negligence, on the part of those who have been intrusted with the publication of the national records—as we shall, probably, have the painful task of demonstrating on some future occasion. Of how much importance accuracy was in this respect, may appear from its involving the question, whether, according to the "ancient constitution," the monarchy of England was hereditary or elective; the researches of Sir Harris Nicolas indisputably prove that, in form at least, it was elective.

The distinction between the old and new styles is not generally understood by persons otherwise well informed, and yet, from its frequent occurrence, it must have been the source of numerous embarrassments. It is scarcely necessary to mention the difficulties we have to encounter in ecclesiastical records—from cycles, indictions, concurrents, Do-minical letters, Paschal terms, epacts, and a whole host of names, devised for the same purpose that the Irish Martello towers were erected—to puzzle posterity; enough has been said to show the necessity of a chronological companion to history, it only remains to examine how far the want has been supplied by the volume before us.

All the information which we have shown to be desirable, Sir Harris Nicolas has afforded in the best, because the most lucid, form. He has briefly, but clearly, explained all the ancient chronological systems, and developed the principles on which they are founded. He has disentangled the complicated modes of computation adopted in the middle ages, and supplied simple, but accurate, rules for adapting them to the modern standard. For the purposes of ecclesiastical history, he has given useful tables of the popes and councils; and he is the first and only writer who has given a true, or even an intelligible account of the regnal years of the British. His labours which many will enjoy, but few justly appreciate; we wish that to "In tenui labor," there could always be added, "sed tenuis non gloria;" but no one knows better than the author, that this is not the age in which antiquarian researches obtain their merited honours, nor when the authors who have done most good in their generation receive the highest meed of fame.

Analysis of Inorganic Bodies. By Berzelius; Translated by G. O. Rees. London: Longman & Co.

ANALYTIC chemistry, though of modern growth, already occupies an exalted rank amongst the experimental sciences. Its undeniable importance in enabling us to ascertain adulterations in the articles of our food, to test the wholesome-

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ness of the waters in our tanks, or, finally, to decide in important judicial questions arising out of supposed cases of poisoning, accidental or intentional, has attracted to its study the undivided energies of many a master mind, and of these none can claim a higher rank than Berzelius. We feel much satisfaction, therefore, in seeing the results of his labours presented in an available form to the English chemist. We only regret that the translation should have been made from a French version, and not from the original work. The story of the sculptor's pillar is well known. The pillar was brought from Athens,—it was the perfection of Grecian art. His first pupil made a copy, and, as it seemed, with much exactness: the second pupil copied from the work of the first, and a third from that of the second. A series of pillars were thus formed, the deviations of which from the original model, the artist often subsequently used to illustrate the necessity of consulting as far as possible, original sources.

It would be unjust, however, to Mr. Rees, did we not state that he appears to have used all due diligence to ensure accuracy in the present work, and, as the subject is one with which he seems to be practically acquainted, he has added some notes explanatory of the rather contracted formulae of Berzelius, which will be found of much advantage to the younger chemical students.

The Provost of Paris: a Tale of the Court of Charles VI. By W. S. Browning. 3 vols.: London: Smith and Elder.

THE story which these volumes contain is chiefly historical: the colours bestowed by fiction are neither various nor brilliant. The leading events, the attack of Peter de Craon on the constable Clisson—the meeting between Courtenay and La Tremouille—and the attempt to destroy the Duke of Bourbon, are borrowed from the graphic pages of Froissart; and the feelings of the British reader are sought to be interested by mixing with these events the fortunes of a young English knight. The narrative is easy and simple: and the whole is told with such an air of sincerity that we receive it less as a fiction than a reality.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

POETICAL SCRAPS.

THE DIFFERENT NATURES OF MEN.

From a rejected Drama, by Edwin Atherstone.

Pelopidas. There are birds
That shun the day, and go abroad at night;
Others, whose wings are spread at the first
dawn,
And folded at the sunset: some that fly,
With dull slow pennon, ever nigh to earth;
And others that seem couriers 'twixt the stars,
So pierce they the blue sky; some sweetly sing
All the night through; and some but in the day;
In winter some; and some sing not at all:
These in the hedge, or low grass, build their
nests;

And those in rocks that overhang the clouds.
Even of such various natures are we men:
Spendlifts and misers—fools, philosophers—
Idle and busy—soldiers, men of peace—
Cautious and headlong—fierce as raging flame,
And quiet as the night-breeze that scarce moves
The down upon the sleeping cygnet's breast.

• • • • Nay, 'tis done—
The nightingale can never change his note
With the hoarse raven; nor the gloomy owl
Bathe in the sun-stream with the fire-eyed
eagle;
Nor more can we our proper natures change—
Thou'rt a philosopher—a soldier I.

ADVERTISING.

THE science, or art, (which is it?) of advertising is yet in its infancy;—books, blacking, horses, housemaids, shawls, cauls, and estates, are made known by means of the columns of newspapers, or the covers of magazines, and some of them, in a way which is more complimentary to the thing advertised, than to the understandings of those to whom the advertisement is addressed, and this is called puffing,—a very coarse term, and manifestly designed to reprove those who think rather too highly of their own productions. Alas! we live in a censorious world, and there is no knowing how to escape censure. Yet, notwithstanding all the fuss and sneering about advertising and puffing, I confess that the science seems to me yet in its infancy, for much that might be advertised is not, and much that is advertised, is, owing to a false delicacy, not spoken of in terms laudatory enough. I will grant, indeed, that the merits of Warren's blacking are duly set forth, and that Day and Martin, with all their anxiety to prevent imposition, do not speak less warmly than they feel, in praise of their sable liquid. They do not wait for reviewers to pronounce an opinion, but they give their own, and heartily speak out. Now, authors and publishers are more modest: they do not give their own recommendation, but they wait the word from the critics; or if they do communicate their own opinions to the world, it is not in their own persons, or as their own opinions—they buy the trumpet, and pay the man who blows it: but why should they be thus seemingly modest? Why should they not directly and plainly, in their own persons, tell the public what a pleasant and profitable book they have respectively written and published? If I have an estate to sell, and if I commission an auctioneer to sell it for me, the advertisement appears in the papers, and makes no bones of saying all manner of fine things in favour of the said estate—it is not submitted to critics, but it is boldly and plainly advertised, as possessing every possible advantage: in a word, it is praised as much as it will possibly bear. Why should not books be served in the same way? Why should sly little lurking paragraphs be insidiously thrust into the newspapers, masking self-praise in a way that a blacking man would scorn to do? When Robert Warren tells you the story of the cat and the boot, he directs you in the same paragraph to the house where the wonderful liquid is to be bought. There is no impudence so beautiful as barefaced impudence—I hate the covering of the face with a fan and peeping through the sticks: I abhor the jesuitical alternate shutters at a pastry-cook's shop on a Sunday. I dislike any indelicacies where the direct meaning is obvious. No—if books are to be advertised, let them be advertised with all appliances and means to boot. If a book is to be bought, it must be known, and if its title is to be known, its contents ought also to be known and its beauties. And who knows these so well as the author? By all means, then let the author, or the publisher, instructed by the author, set forth in the form of an advertisement, the sundry beauties and sublimities of the work; let them not mince the matter, but, with as little ceremony as a draper advertises his shop at the cheapest in London, let an author advertise his book as the first and finest production of the day. Furthermore, not only are books imperfectly advertised, but they are also not nearly so extensively advertised as blacking and quacking. What have the brick walls done, that they should not have their share of book advertisements? Matchless Hunt and Dr. Eady have found chalk the walls answer very well. Moreover, I have seen peripatetics, who bear long poles announcing cheap cook-shops; and when I have come out of Mr. Colburn's, sorrowful at the tidings

that my last novel did not sell, I have wished to see it recommended to public notice, after the fashion of the pole and placard: and if at any future time Dr. Eady shall find his name rubbed out, and the title of my new novel put in its place, he may guess who did it. By the way, now I think of it, was it not formerly the practice for Lottery Office keepers to placard the outsides of errand carts with lottery puffs? What convenient things the omnibuses would be for the same purpose, not for advertising lotteries, but for advertising books. I have heard many complaints lately of the book trade, that books do not sell as they used to do. There cannot be any other cause of this languor, than the want of advertisements. It would certainly answer the purpose of a spirited publisher, to hire a mile or two of brick wall in the suburbs, as an advertising sheet, and to employ persons to write thereupon the names and qualities of new books. We can imagine the following dialogue between a publisher and an author.

Author. You have looked over my MS.?

Publisher. I have; and really, as the market now stands, it would be more to my advantage to sell the books that I have printed than to purchase any more MSS. Novels do not sell as they used to do.

Author. Perhaps I had better try some other line.

Publisher. Perhaps you had;—what subjects can you write upon?

Author. Any,—nothing comes amiss.

Publisher. Can you write upon brick walls?

Author. Certainly.

Publisher. Then take this piece of chalk, and go and write on them the names of my new novels, and you will immediately rise in literary dignity; for, instead of being paid a penny a line, you shall be paid a penny a word.

But, while some things are advertised imperatively, others are not advertised at all. How many a talented youth at the bar is in want of a brief because he is not advertised. Surely it is a false delicacy, and altogether a piece of mock modesty, that a barrister, of all people in the world, should affect to have any hesitation about advertising himself. Only imagine, for a moment, in how many interesting and attractive forms a barrister might set forth his profession and capabilities. For example:—

"IMPORTANT TO HOUSEBREAKERS, PICKPOCKETS, AND ROGUES IN GENERAL.—Jeremiah Snooks, barrister-at-law, Pump Court, begs to inform his friends and the public in general, that he undertakes, at the Old Bailey, the defence of gentlemen accused of any violation of the laws; that he has a peculiarly happy knack of confusing witnesses by his mode of cross-examining; that he has already saved two housebreakers from the gallows, seventeen thieves from transportation, and sundry other gentlemen from minor punishments. J. S. flatters himself that if all the defences of the accused were committed to him, there would be no convictions at all, and the hangman must starve for want of a job. All law work done on the lowest terms, and in the neatest manner, for ready money only."

What an addition would be presently made to the funds of newspapers,—and what a general stimulus would be given to business of all kinds, if the practice of advertising were carried to the extent to which it might be,—and how very interesting the papers would become! The letters sent to the proprietors of patent medicines, acknowledging miraculous cures, are entertaining, and bring grist to the mill: equally agreeable to the general reader, and profitable to the legal practitioner, would be the following:—

"Dear Sir,—I beg leave to acknowledge, with the most heartfelt gratitude, your great skill and dexterity in saving my neck from the gallows, last sessions. The evidence against me

was as clear as daylight, and I had not a leg to stand on; but the clever style in which you bothered the witnesses, and made them contradict themselves and one another, demands my warmest thanks. To the last hour of my life I shall never forget it; and you may be assured, that, if I am ever caught again, I shall not think of having recourse to any other professional assistance than yours. I can now pick pockets and break into houses with the greatest confidence.—I am, sir, your much obliged humble servant,

"RALPH HEMPEEED.

"To Jeremiah Snooks, Esq. barrister-at-law.
"N.B.—The above has been sworn to before the Lord Mayor."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

OUR readers will recollect, that fully two years ago we drew attention to the etchings of Mr. Reid, of Salisbury,† as works of the highest order;—the curious fact that one of a dozen copies printed for private distribution had fallen into the hands of Goethe, who wrote to the unknown artist on the subject, expressing his admiration of them, may help to recall the circumstance. We are happy to hear, that Mr. Reid, content with the sale of the work, is now about to offer a second series to the public—some few of the plates we have seen, and can report of them as truly admirable.

Nothing new is announced by the great houses either east or west, and some are wholly silent. Of the articles in the number of the *Quarterly* just published, that on the Turkish Empire is most to our mind; it shows great extent and variety of information. The criticism on 'Russ's Residence at the British Court,' is written in a spirit of moderation and even kindness, which must make it welcome to America. The paper called 'The Turf,' will be read with avidity by many; it contains some curious information on the subject of English horse-racing, and gives us the lives and characters of such grooms and jockeys as have spurred and switched themselves into fame and fortune: but, after all allowances for the entertainment offered, surely such articles derogate a little from the dignity of our worthy friend. The *Foreign Quarterly*, too, has issued a new and excellent number this week. There is hardly a paper that does not contain much either of interest or information. But periodicals abound: we have now on our table the *Dublin University* and the *London University Magazines*—the *Knickerbocker* from New York—and a graceful novelty called the *Court Gazette*. On what this latter rests its hopes of a successful rivalry against the established Journals—we are at a loss to conceive: it surely is a blind venture in these days of publishing liberality, to offer a solitary vignette, a pretty cover, and some fifty pages of text, for three shillings and sixpence.

A Life of Drummond of Hawthornden, with selections from his poems, is promised in a few days by Mr. P. Cunningham, a son of our friend Allan: little is known to the world at large, of the poet's history, and less, perhaps, of his poems. Concerning the first, Gifford, in his Life of Ben Jonson, has spoken with uncalled for bitterness; and with respect to the second, some of the sonnets and small pieces are not surpassed by any compositions in the language.

When the Letters of Mirabeau were published last year in London, professedly from the original MSS., we expressed a very strong suspicion that the work was a fraudulent manufacture, and we gave great offence to certain parties by so doing. One of the Paris literary journals, *L'Europe Littéraire*, has now dissected the

whole; and it appears that the foundation of the whole was six letters written from England, and published in Paris in 1797. From certain offers made to us, we have reason to believe that similar frauds are not unlikely to be practised either on the London journals or London publishers, and therefore we put them on their guard. The extent to which the system has been carried in Paris is quite extraordinary: it was after this fashion, as we noticed, in reviewing the work, that the 'Memoirs of Louis XVIII.' were manufactured; so were those of Cardinal Dubois, the Countess Dubarry, the Duke of Richelieu, and nearly all the historical memoirs which have been of late years published in Paris, more especially those issued by Mame-Dulaunay and Ladvacat. A few particulars of the parties engaged in, and the prices paid on these occasions, may interest our readers. The wholesale manufacturer for the house of Mame-Dulaunay is M. Lamotte-Langon: he supplies the rough material, arranged according to the best of his ability, and receives one thousand francs, or about 40*l.* the volume. The second operation of filing, and trimming, and polishing, is performed by M. Paul Lacroix, better known in England as a writer under the signature of Jacob, the Bibliophilist: this gentleman receives five hundred francs a volume. The last grace and ornament is usually added by M. Amedée Pichot, who also receives five hundred francs a volume. The work is then considered perfect, and given to the public with such a title as may be agreed on. Ladvacat formerly employed M. Malitourne on these occasions; and it must be admitted that he was a man of considerable talent.

A subscription has been opened for the statue of Sir John Malcolm. The Duke of Wellington, and others of his friends and admirers, have contributed so largely, that success is quite certain.

We regret that we must now announce the death of that amiable and accomplished nobleman, Lord Dover. It is but one month, "a little month," since we received a letter from him, and in his own hand, respecting the then unpublished 'Letters of Walpole,' which he had edited with so much laborious attention; and we have reason to believe, that the work announced in this day's paper as forthcoming, 'The Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe, written by a Gentleman for the instruction and amusement of his Eldest Son,' is from his Lordship's pen.

THEATRICALS

ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI.

A musical farce, called 'The Covent Belle,' was produced here on Monday last. We have to complain, not only of the absence of all merit in it, but of the positive and obtrusive presence of demerit. In the present age of cant, and whining outcry against the immorality of the stage, the utmost care should be taken to guard against affording any just or even plausible ground for censure; and, if dramatic productions have not a good and wholesome moral to point them, they should, at least, not overstep the bounds of harmless gaiety and mirth. Above all, religious institutions, to whatever creed they may belong, or on however mistaken notions they may be founded, should not be made the subject of public scoffing and obscene ridicule. Upon this last sorry foundation, we regret to say, that the piece in question is built; and, thus starting, it proceeds—without wit, humour, or character, running its head against well-known facts and customs, and trampling probability and consistency under its feet—to a lame and unintelligible close. We will not name the reputed author, lest accidental mis-

information should lead us to libel one, for whose poetical productions the public have, and justly, a high respect. If, "in a moment of indiscretion," he really did perpetrate this bit of nonsense, his friends should have stepped in, and shielded his reputation from the consequences of it, by suppression. The house, we are happy to say, was well attended, and the piece was well hissed.

THE COVENT GARDEN BILLS.

EVER since this theatre fell under Drury Lane management, the bills have been swelling more and more with Drury Lane puffing and quackery. Having exhausted all the terms of praise, they have now taken to those of abuse. For some weeks past that admirable artist, Mr. Stanfield, has been daily insulted, by those who are so largely indebted to his talents, by having his beautiful scenery characterized as being "heavy."—"On this occasion the heavy scenery and machinery," &c. will be removed from Drury Lane to this theatre. We submit that this is not only untrue, but ungrateful.

MISCELLANEA

Mr. H. Russell's Concert at the Argyll Rooms, on Monday evening was pretty well attended. Malibran was, of course, excellent, though in the duetto with Tamburini her voice seemed slightly affected by incipient cold; but, in the beautiful aria, 'A, se' estinto,' which she gave about an hour afterwards, all sign of this had passed away, and the mellow tones glided from that exquisite throat smoothly and gracefully as ever. The only novelty of the evening was Monsieur Amedee de Mereaux, who made his first public appearance in this country as a pianist. He possesses very considerable command over the instrument; and, in the Fantasia, composed by himself, evinced no small claim to originality. This, however, consisted rather in new and striking, than very tasteful, or impassioned combination. Chatterton's harp Fantasia was much in the same character—brilliant, difficult, but deficient in those far higher qualities which make music the unarticulate eloquence of the soul. Puzzi and De Beriot were of course admirable; and, after the too frequent sameness of the Italian vocal music, there was, in the song by H. Phillips, 'My heart's in the Highlands,' a raciness and variety absolutely refreshing. Begrez and De Begnis, though announced, did not appear.

Printing and the Arts.—One cannot but reflect on that grand revolution which took place when language, till then limited to its proper organ, had its representation in the work of the hand. Now that a man of mean estate can have a library of more intrinsic value than that of Cicero, when the sentiments of past ages are as familiar as those of the present, and the knowledge of different empires is transmitted and common to all, we cannot expect to have our sages followed, as of old, by their five thousand scholars. Nations will not now record their acts by building pyramids, nor consecrate temples and raise statues, once the only means of perpetuating great deeds or extraordinary virtues. It is in vain that our artists complain that patronage is withheld; for the ingenuity of the hand has at length subdued the arts of design—printing has made all other records barbarous, and great men build for themselves a "livelong monument."—*Bell on the Hand.*

A New Invention Many Years Old.—"An experiment," says a provincial paper, "was tried at Ipswich last week to prove the strength and holding-on property of a floating anchor, in the form of a strong canvas umbrella, the invention of R. H. Gower, Esq. of Nova Scotia House, in that town. The floating anchor was opposed to the Fly yacht, possessing a mainsail, jib, and foresail, of 314 yards, and when put off from

† See *Athenæum*, 1831, p. 507.

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